THE COMMONWEAL

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QUESTIONS FOR CATHOLICS

THAT sprightly writer, Mr. Reuben H. Maury, who had such good sport, a few years ago, writing a book called "The Wars of the Godly," in which he poked fun impartially at all the quarrels about religion which form so strange a chapter of American history, gave some of his liveliest pages to a description of the famous "MAC" excitement. Supposed by various doughty foes of the Papacy, from the scholarly John Jay Chapman to the far from scholarly organs of the Ku Klux Klan to represent the motto of a great conspiracy to "Make America Catholic," in which the Pope, and the cardinals, and bishops, and priests, and the Jesuits, and particularly the Knights of Columbus, were engaged, the opposing slogan, "KAP"—or "Keep America Protestant"—was advanced against the mystic "MAC," and the more or less merry war which ensued is duly chronicled in Mr. Maury's book for posterity to wonder at.

There has now appeared a writer who quite seriously, and with research apparatus of the most comprehensive sort, has lifted the fantastic "MAC" controversy from the rather comic atmosphere of Mr. Maury's treatment of the theme, and made it the subject of a stout volume of more than two hundred and fifty pages, with an appendix and an index. "Will America Become Catholic?" is its title. Its author is John F. Moore, formerly a Y. M. C. A. secretary. We shall review it later on; here our purpose is to indicate a few of the very important questions which his volume raises.

We do not mean the questions which bristle in big type and enormous interrogation marks on the dust jacket of the book—such supposedly startling questions as: "To What Extent Does Papal Power Control American Life?"; "Is the Papal Delegate an Unofficial Ambassador?"; "Can Mixed Marriages Be Tolerated?"; "Can a Celibate Clergy Endure?". We are recommended to read Mr. Moore's book to find "the answers to these and other significant questions."

We would not hold any writer responsible for the blurbs of his publisher, and we may say at once that we acquit Mr. Moore of any wilful intention to be either impertinent or crudely sensational. His book is a thoughtful, if not very thorough, study of its subject, and shows a spirit of good-will that does not always accompany the discussion of Catholicism in the United States by Protestants either alarmed, or at least concerned, by its claims, or its reputed advance in

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power. But if it were worth while doing, we may ask the publishers why a really serious work, on an important theme, should be supposed to require the services of a blurb writer, who apparently has modeled his style after the headlines of the tabloid press.

However, that question, like the questions of the blurb writer, do not concern Catholics as much as the really much more significant questions aroused by a thoughtful reading of the book itself. Mr. Moore quotes on the first page of his chapter from a sermon by the late Archbishop Ireland, delivered on November 10, 1889, when, "linking the present with far-off days of Urban II, he said: 'Our work is to make America Catholic! If we love America, if we love the Church, to mention the work suffices. Our cry shall be, "God wills it!" and our hearts shall leap with Crusader enthusiasm.'"

Surrounding and supporting this declaration with numerous others to the same effect, from archbishops, and priests, and the Catholic press, Mr. Moore tells us that "the phrase, *Make America Catholic,* said sometimes to be indicated by the symbol MAC, has evoked a lively controversy. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson . . . attributes the rise of anti-Catholic sentiment in the United States to this proselytism." But not only do the utterances of Catholic leaders, and the Catholic press, make the claim that to convert America is the avowed and necessary mission of the Catholic Church. Mr. Moore finds and quotes supporting testimony to the effect that the Church is succeeding, from such writers, for example, as Dean Inge, who says:

"It seems that in another fifty or one hundred years the Roman Catholic Church will dominate America. It will do so by sheer force of numbers. This is a grave matter, and will have its effect on the whole civilized world, because more and more Americans tend to rule the world."

Mr. Moore very candidly admits the logical right of any religion holding itself to be true to propagate its principles, and increase its membership. Catholicism is quite as well justified as Protestantism, in his view, according to its own lights, to convert America. But Protestantism is fully "alignable with the constitution of the United States. . . . In the case of Protestantism . . . there is no fundamental discrepancy between the state's theory of citizenship and that of these many communions." While Mr. Moore does not expressly say that such a discrepancy exists between Catholicism and the constitution, he raises that question—he raises it in a manifold fashion.

Yet that question, important as it is, does not concern us at present, and, indeed, if Mr. Moore is correct in the answer which his whole book tends to give to another question, which does concern us more nearly —namely, is the Catholic Church really advancing in America?—the constitutional question has become obsolete. For, deriving his evidence, for the most part, from Catholic sources, Mr. Moore, by inference mostly, yet none the less emphatically, tells us that Catholicism in the United States, far from threatening to dominate the nation, is faced by a crisis, made up of many factors, which point toward its decline even from its present position—and that he finds it to be decidedly inferior to the influence and power of Protestantism. Conversion is not supplying the place of immigration. Catholicism is only strong in urban life, and urban conditions inevitably tend to decrease all forces centralized among them. Educationally, and culturally, Catholicism is not contributing notably to American society. Birth control and the dying out of the Irish race are decimating American Catholicism. Protestantism, too, he infers, is faced by a crisis; so that, "there cannot fail to be in the United States a vast population surrendered to indifference and disbelief. The issue today is not whether America is to be made Catholic but whether America, Protestant or Catholic, is to be made Christian. That is the task."

We cannot go into the discussion of all the points raised and sharpened by Mr. Moore's question marks. But "to see ourselves as others see us," in the light of what we ourselves say about ourselves, Catholics should go to this very provocative, and potentially most useful book. For the questions raised by it Catholics alone can answer, and they urgently need to be answered.

WEEK BY WEEK

FAILURE, well-nigh absolute and entire, was the sole tangible result of the London parley. Beyond endorsing the existing German government and recommending the extension of credits to the beleaguered Reich, the delegates could do little more than testify to the stalemate of current European politics. The much touted Anglo-American hammer was swung clumsily enough, and about the only thing it pounded into shape was another delicately modeled frame for its own obituary notice. To be sure we believe that credits will sooner or later be extended to the Germans. It seems unthinkable that the world's banks would allow the debacle of the international financial structure to proceed farther than absolute zero. On the other hand the isolation of the French augurs poorly both for the coming disarmament conference as well as for the future of peace. Of necessity the whole of Germany is committed to a revisionist program. The parties differ only concerning the methods to be employed for this purpose. Extremists desire violent action; moderates trust to the effectiveness of diplomacy and argument. On the other hand, France seems to have coined the idea that additional guarantees and rights are obtainable in exchange for financial aid. It seeks assurances going beyond the intent of the Versailles Treaty and the Young Plan. Such an attitude presupposes military strength set over and against military weakness. That means anything else but a cheerful band striking up an overture to a

After the Shouting

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lamb and lion act. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that Senator McKellar should get back to sound politics and advise restoring prosperity in the United States. Unfortunately no recipe was appended to his remarks. This restraint is, however, becoming so characteristic of statesmen that it by no manner of means convicts the senator of indecorous individuality.

Unsavory Conditions

THIS year's report by the "Committee of Fourteen," which acts as a kind of clearing-house for information anent vice conditions in New York, ventured to use rather powerful superlatives. It said there was more commercialized prostitution than at any time during the past fifteen years, and asserted that matters were destined to become still worse. Fairly specific accusations were brought against districts already familiar to the United States at large as centers of the illicit liquor traffic and of underworld amusement. We are inclined to doubt the value of assuming the "record-breaking" proportions of current vice. It seems more likely that the discovery of venality among the police, as brought to light in a number of prosecutions during the past year, has somewhat loosened control and made the caterers to viciousness considerably more brazen. Nevertheless, the report is a telling indictment of the city, which has manifestly done very little to dry up its greatest source of crime and degeneracy. Beyond that, it is a warning to those who assume that blanket national principles will solve, and not create, local problems. If New York produced its vice for home consumption, the situation would be quite different. But it doesn't—it caters to the morally and intellectually fatuous of the whole country, whose patronage builds up a trade that in turn undermines the integrity of the police with handsome bribes. Not the crowd which hangs by the subway straps after a hard day's work, but Mr. Smith from Smithtown is the power behind the night club jamboree. Whether the energetic counter-attack announced by Commissioner of the Police Mulrooney will amount to at least a good-sized raid remains to be seen. If so, not the least disappointed person will be the aforesaid Mr. Smith.

A Tough Problem

THE DEBIT side of the Wickersham report on prison practice in the United States is contained in the first four sentences of its lengthy conclusions: "The present prison system is antiquated and inefficient. It does not reform the criminal. It fails to protect society. There is reason to believe that it contributes to the increase of crime by hardening the prisoner." With these words the commission sums up an indictment. The corroborative evidence it adduces is painful and fairly familiar. On the credit side is cited the development of the probation system, originated by the state of Massachusetts as recently as 1878, adopted by New York in 1901, and by the federal government as late as 1925. This system, which with first offenders reserves punishment and finally remits it altogether for good behavior, was praised because it offered the best chances of salvaging the human and social assets of the culprit, by his own efforts with the minimum of supervision necessary for the protection of society, and because it costs the state—that is, society—only about one-nineteenth as much as does imprisonment. The parole system came in for rather severe criticism because in a majority of states the commission describes it as "nothing more than a speedy method of emptying prison cells." Where it has an adequate personnel, it was found to offer many of the advantages of the probation system. For the future, the commission suggested that more uniform penology be evolved in the United States, and that there should be classification and separation of the prison population into special problem groups instead of the present practise of herding the new, or young, criminal and the hardened criminal, the mentally defective, diseased and perverted all together.

An American Saint

REPRESENTATIVES of the Federation of Catholic Alumnae were cordially received by the Holy Father when they reached Rome bearing a petition asking for Pope Pius's personal interest in the proceedings which may lead to the canonization of Mother Seton. This is good news in every sense of the term. The interest taken by Catholic women in such a cause is a source of joy to the whole Church. Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est—these words from the Magnificat are the deepest, the most everlasting expression of the Christian faith. We do not presume to anticipate the event or to suggest that Mother Seton should be raised to the altar in the company of resplendent saints. But there is no doubting the providential effect of her mission, or the representative character of her inner life. Born in 1774 of a prominent New York family, Elizabeth Seton married and at the age of twenty-nine accompanied her husband to Italy, where he hoped to recover his health. There she came to know and love the Catholic Church, which she joined in 1805. Eight years later she founded the order of Sisters of Charity—an extraordinary achievement in days when Catholics were few in the United States and when nuns were objects of suspicion. Her program was virtually all-comprehensive, and from the social point of view greatly in advance of the time. Free schools, orphanages and hospitals were all begun under her direction, so that the whole range of activities now in the hands of Sisters was anticipated. Nor is any other figure of the early nineteenth century more typical of those numerous thoughtful Protestants who not only adopted the Catholic faith as their code of objective spiritual truth but devoted themselves humbly and unceasingly to the good works which express it. Finally, what could be more appropriate than that the first saint of the United States should be a nun—one among the thousands of noble women who, during

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more than a hundred years, have devoted themselves to the sick, the outcast, little children and the helplessly old?

What Value Education?

THE GARBLED Rousseauen, neo-pagan and new thought idea—and there is a pretty stew for you—that all will be sweetness and light where nature is left as completely untrammeled as possible, that morals are perverted by any such thing as attempting to control them by a conscious enforcement of a moral standard, and that instinct is a holier and sweeter guide to right living than reason and judgment reached by observation and experience (the latter being horrifically pictured as enslavement to tradition, and usually "outworn tradition" at that!), recently received a sound drubbing by Dr. William C. Bagley, professor of education at Teachers College, at Columbia University in an address before school administrators. The increasing crime wave in this country, he held to be largely the result of the rampantness of the above idea in the schools. "We should recognize clearly," he declared, "that a school system characterized by educational theories that in effect open wide the lines of least resistance are likely to compound rather than to correct such social evils as find expression in our heavy crime ratios, our abnormally high and rapidly mounting divorce rates and the apparently increasing prevalence of political corruption. In some schools disrespect and even insolence toward teachers must be tolerated on the theory that the impulses of children must not be repressed. There are signs that the situation is likely to get worse before it gets better."

POINTING to the decreasing crime ratio of France and England where "a formal system of education" has largely been maintained, he indicted United States schools for overstressing interest and tolerating lack of effort by students. In conclusion, it might be suggested that in this country where the pursuit of happiness is guaranteed in the constitution of government, every adult may observe from his own intimate experience that those individuals are best fitted to achieve happiness, and sustain it, who have practised and have learned the value of self-control. Unhappy Babbitt, whom nobody loves, not even his author, is just an overgrown spoiled child. It is earnestly to be hoped that, in spite of evidence to the contrary, Catholic schools will not join in the general debacle foreseen by Dr. Bagley, by abandoning a system of formal education which has been one of the finest traditions of Catholic scholarship, and in fact an immeasurably valuable core of sanity and common understanding for all Christendom. Excessive novelty in thought and method, so touted as progress in the first three decades of our century, is losing its newness, while there are signs that tradition and authority and decent respect for human continuity of effort are being revalued.

In the Navy Now

DISAPPOINTMENT and rage are hardly the words to describe the public reaction to the discovery, coming hard on the news of cracking sternposts, that the United States' eight new cruisers had a way of behaving in a sea that made accurate gunfire impossible. To begin with, the American public's interest in its fighting machines may fairly be described as apathetic. No doubt the greater part of the country feels that we are in no immediate danger of war, and that cruisers, battleships and such things are largely a government habit of mind of doing what the Joneses do. There was an element of chagrin that our designing and engineering should have evidenced such ineptitudes, and a helpless regret that the taxpayer would be the one to suffer in the end. The navy promptly minimized the error in design and construction involved. Secretary Adams, who has been hailed as a happy choice for Secretary of the Navy because of his yachting prowess, explained that the ships' peculiar action was the result of giving them a low center of gravity so that they would not roll over when hit. To sacrifice for this the ability to hit, seems altogether too Christian an idea under the premises involved. The "inside story" of the whole matter, however, would probably resolve itself into a disclosure that it was more a peculiarity of American journalism than of the vessels. The navy, citing cases of similar experiences of other governments, said that such errors were endemic in the problem of developing newer and better machines of destruction in the international race in this sort of thing In other countries, however, the press, either from patriotism or superimposed censorship, would not rush into sweeping statements on matters where technical experts tread very tentatively.

Heroic Lives

LEPROSY has always had a special horror to the fastidious products of our civilization with their traditions of sanitation and personal cleanliness. The devotion, therefore, of those missionaries and Sisters who give their lives to the lepers, has even from afar been recognized as an act of heroism. The death not long ago of Brother Dutton, companion of Father Damien, occasioned the revelation of many stories of the actualities of this heroism, of the long struggles not only against death and corruption, but also against the helplessness of poverty when the tragedy of being surrounded by the incurably sick has its climax in one's being unable to do anything for them other than to give spiritual aid and consolation. For high example, the truly wonderful work of the Sisters of various orders in acts of corporal mercy, must be remembered, and was recalled to us by the news of the death of Sister Crescentia, of the Third Franciscan Order, O.M.C., who, after having charge of the lepers at Kakaako Leper Hospital, Hawaii, went in 1889, a few weeks after Father Damien's death, to

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Molokai where she stayed till 1929. Then eighty-three years of age, having been sixty-one years a nun and forty-eight years a missionary, for the most part among lepers, she returned to Honolulu where she died in February of this year. She was the last of a band of six nuns who journeyed from Syracuse, New York, in 1883, and were pioneers in laboring among the lepers in the Hawaiian Islands. How every day this sort of heroism goes on, in the myriad ramifications of actuality, is an endlessly impressive annal.

FOR THE WELL-BORN

THAT current talk about eugenics is noticeably better than the kind of stuff which random uplifters used to peddle on behalf of the superman will be evident to those who read Mr. Julian Huxley's paper in the current *Harper's Magazine*. Indeed, one is agreeably taken aback at finding reasonable discussion of what has generally been so irrational a topic. While we do not share Mr. Huxley's confidence in the evolutionary process nor feel that, almost in spite of himself, he avoids becoming entangled in the stock biological monism, we find ourselves in agreement with him on two points of considerable importance: first, that the increase of feeble-mindedness is a threat to social order; second, that the excessive individualism of our present economic system is a threat to the family. A program of eugenics need not, of course, be limited to these considerations, but if only they can be urged upon public opinion some real good could be accomplished under what used to be a very unsatisfactory heading.

The increase in the number of the feeble-minded is, of course, largely due to the marked decline in infant mortality. Formerly natural selection carried off those babies less well prepared for life, and so also the mentally defective. One very great triumph of modern medicine has, therefore, brought with it a modicum of ill. That this is serious enough to justify concern has been stated over and over again by leading Catholic ethnologists, among them Father Wilhelm Schmidt. But since the Church cannot allow that sterilization is legitimate, the remedy advocated by all who respect her authority is segregation of mental defectives. As a rule, outsiders do not question the greater kindliness, dignity and moral value of segregation; they simply shy away from the financial and other difficulties involved. Yet, it should be obvious that if the feeble-minded constitute the problem which sociologists are painting so vividly for us, a solution must not be evaded because it exacts money and pains. Society can never remind itself too frequently that neither the scalpel or any other instrument is a basic remedy for community evils. Only the moral law can be that.

More important possibly is the second point—the conflict between individualism and the family. We think it worth most people's while to read and think out what Mr. Huxley has to say on this important matter. The fact that the "upper reaches" of a given population—i.e., the class to which professional and business men belong—has notoriously fewer children than the so-called "lower reaches" is demonstrably due to biological and economic facts as well as to a freer conception of ethics. Mr. R. A. Fisher, who has devoted a great deal of thought to this problem, argues for a system of adjusted family allowances whereby the state would figure the economic burden created by a child in relation to the father's income. Though his scheme has not emerged from the stage of theory, it suggests the only realm in which a solution can be found. For it is childlessness which normally destroys the family, regardless of the form of birth control in use. If gifted parents shy from rocking the cradle, the state will suffer regardless of whether Christian morality is observed or not.

Between the practical application of such a plan and its present existence in mere theory there lies the barrier of public opinion to which Mr. Huxley refers in an interesting paragraph: "Mr. Churchill, when Chancellor of the Exchequer a few years ago, in answer to a reasoned request for higher income-tax rebates for children, said that while the aim of encouraging the professional classes to have more children was in every way praiseworthy, it had no connection with the budget, whose only preoccupations were to finance the country. It is precisely such a point of view which needs changing. In the long run, the quantity and quality of the country's population is its basic economic asset." It seems to us that the current allowances for dependents are the greatest weaknesses of income-tax schedules in the United States. There is all the difference in the world between a family of two and a family of three. The first has virtually no provision to make for the future; the second normally has more than twenty years of mounting responsibilities to meet and liquidate. No doubt a larger number of children reduces the "cost" of each; but there are special cases —which the law ignores entirely—when one child may exact a heavier financial outlay from its parents than do four of its sisters and brothers.

If we are really governed by the conviction that marriage is a sacred enterprise which the Creator Himself enters in a startlingly direct way, we shall also conclude that confidence in Him is the first great principle of eugenics. Yet such confidence must not be individual or social presumption. There is no right to the miracle. Biological laws repose as well as any others on Divine ordinance; and the person who ignores them has no right to expect that the consequences will somehow be spared him. In just the same way, adverse factors which might be alleviated or controlled by society are today permitted to play havoc with the family. It is not surprising that precisely for such reasons Catholic eugenists have come to the fore in virtually all the countries of Europe. The Church can take the lead in eugenics as in other needed ethical endeavors.

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SOLDIERS AND DIPLOMATS

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

Whether or not American diplomacy has met the opportunities recently provided is a subject for sharp debate. But if the verdict were rendered against them, Mr. Sands suggests in the following paper, it would hardly be different from the opinion which the world holds of all diplomatic action concerned with the late war. What can be done about it? Obviously the first thing is to agree upon a course of action. Mr. Sands finds that "the Pope has a fundamental program," which alone outweighs Communist and Fascist solutions. The rest of organized thought is floundering like a fishing boat in a gale.—The Editors.

WHEN "The Real War" was published a few months ago by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the London *Spectator* hailed it as a work deserving of the highest praise by the "cleverest of our younger military historians."

Captain Liddell Hart is a good type of the soldier who, since 1919, is growing in the armies of the English-speaking peoples; the man trained to fight and to command bodies of fighting men, the student of military history and military science who is now turning to the history of diplomacy and to the schools to find out what in the name of common sense men were fighting about in the World War and whether everyone lost or somebody won.

In an earlier generation, soldiers and civilians were all brought up in the eighteenth-century tradition, on "punitive expeditions" or, in "real war," on the gay or grim charges of gallant warriors; on the shrewd moves of tactician and strategist, knowing his men as Napoleon did, and as the old type of French colonel knows his "children" today, and using them like a chess player for what their exact personal value called for. Civilian or soldier, we knew the hard-fought victory, the glory of triumph and, not least, the material gain of victory.

Today all these things have sunk so deep in mud and putrefaction and despair, in a welter of impersonal and grandiose stupidity obvious to the last man in the ranks, that even the professional fighting man now wants to know why such things happened and if they must happen again and always, from now on.

Some of these "cleverest of our younger military historians" in the English-speaking world are approaching the ideal detachment supposed to be the most valuable characteristic of the professional diplomat, but it is a disturbing fact, and dangerous to world affairs, that they are leaving the diplomats so far behind in their studies and experience.

In his first chapter of "The Real War," on the origins of the war, Liddell Hart has gone as far as a soldier might be expected to go in analysis of a diplomatic field quite new to his profession, and has done it extraordinarily well. Quite likely, being primarily a soldier, he might believe it to be out of his province to discuss the reasons of the incredible incompetence of national diplomacy as has been demonstrated by the war and its consequences.

It is not out of anybody's province however, to study that phenomenon. Every one of the peoples concerned in the war had excellent and mature professional diplomats, yet in every published record of national diplomatic moves leading inevitably to that utterly barbarous and unintelligent conflict, it stands out more than anything else that each group of trustees and guardians of public affairs was incapable of right analysis of the character, the strength or the weakness of everybody else; that the real power for peace or war lay with the governing bodies of the professional armies; and that Ministers of Foreign Affairs were powerless against General Staffs, which on occasion gave contradictory instructions to the minister's diplomatic agents and eventually gave the final decision.

Just as every commanding general responsible for the lives of some part of the millions of men engaged in the war, attempts now to show in his current memoirs the incapacity of everyone with whom he dealt, and as every new book brought out by the men in the ranks upon whom fell the brunt of retrieving national stupidity, depicts the intolerable sordidness of the whole wretched business on all sides, so every diplomatic record shows plainly the inability of national executives and even of professional diplomatic experts to understand rightly all the factors in the situation or to control it.

When Germany needed peace and international good-will more than anything else in the world in order to expand commercially, and so to expand with fullest justice, it would seem that the most materialistic of *Real-Politik* of civilian government would have called for understanding, if not alliance with, the most solid and durable peace-loving commercial people for their purpose. Americans are such people; the English are another. And England was asking for a German alliance in some form, yet German diplomacy chose Russia.

In entering the Triple Alliance for protective reasons against the pin pricks of France, it was expressly understood by Italy that alliance with Germany and Austria should not extend against England, yet Italy was branded as a traitor for refusing to fight England when the break came, not only by Germany and Austria but even by some of the Allies who eventually forced Italy out of her position of neutrality.

So clear-eyed and influential a public servant as Lord Carnock was not required by English diplomacy, nor was he even permitted to live in Berlin so that he might absorb the realities of German mentality and aspirations, and with no mature judgment of that all important factor in world affairs, he was permitted to decide against Germany in foreign affairs policy. In

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his son's biography of that truly distinguished man, it is abundantly evident where the blind spot lay.

To mutliply examples, even if they be only a few out of a general condition: American diplomacy was hampered on every side by the prejudices and inhibitions which we have imported bodily from Europe in the process of obliterating the historical American experiment through mass immigration, and of beginning it all over again on a group basis of extraneous "racial solidarity." We could neither pursue our traditional policy of neutrality nor decide on which side of the war to throw our weight. It may be shown eventually that Walter Hines Page contributed more than any one man to our decision in that issue, but if he did it was only by positive disobedience to categorical instructions.

Mr. Owen Young, a Democrat, and Mr. Hoover, a Republican, have both publicly "put their finger on the sore spot" in post-war world diplomacy as Germany's Foreign Minister says, but even they have done so only partially, and there have been and will be further and great diplomatic difficulties, opposed by "statesmen" at home and abroad, to whatever remedies they suggest. To have the courage to announce a definite diplomatic policy at this moment is really the "heroic act" Dr. Curtius says it is.

In great measure it was Mr. Hoover's personal experience of international things that led men to elect him to be President. Many who favored Mr. Alfred Smith felt that his inexperience in world affairs weighed heavily against him no matter how honest a man and how able an administrator he might be, and these have been correspondingly disappointed in Mr. Hoover's apparent inaction until now. The President has acted, but it is not yet evident that he has a complete program and it is not evident that anyone else outside of Russia and Italy, with the possible exception of France, has anything like a positive and consistent program.

The Pope has a fundamental program. Both international Communism and Fascism have something very positive to work for; they have similar objectives to be reached by different methods. France, cynical and nerve-wracked—perhaps a little conscience-stricken—seems to despair of world diplomacy and to trust again to war in the ancient French tradition. In our colleges some advance is being made, but not much. We have too few men in our universities who know international politics from personal participation and experience. Foremost among them, Johns Hopkins, through John MacMurray, seems to contemplate building in the Walter Hines Page Foundation a "clinic for the psychoanalysis of nations." It is an ambitious program, and strikes very close to the heart of the problem, but it will be of necessity, if it takes form, a place for research students rather than for dogmatic teachers, for in the only body of men whence teachers could come to such a clinic with authority, authoritative knowledge is not in evidence; we should have been training diplomats these thirty years past to do that very thing, but we have not trained them nor has anybody else; authority in this field still lies with the soldiers.

Those men who stand out in professional diplomacy are those who have trained themselves in spite of the enervating atmosphere of diplomatic chancelleries. Those men among us who are making their mark in major world diplomacy (like Owen Young, and now President Hoover) are men whose whole training has been apparently unrelated to diplomatic practice, but which in fact has involved practical experience of many of those factors essential to a diplomatic training, which the professional diplomat never gets within the career services, except by a process of self-education against the almost overpowering difficulties raised by undigested precedent and inertia.

Presidents and Prime Ministers and Secretaries for Foreign Affairs are supposed to have highly trained analysts, mature men of sober judgement, upon whose observations and conclusions they may safely base a sane and just and practical guardianship of national affairs with relation to other nations. Where in the world is it plainly evident that any such body of men exists? How can it exist until the citizens whose lives and means of livelihood are jeopardized by the incapacity or false training of the guardians of public peace insist that training shall be made adequate to the solution of the world problems which threaten to disintegrate civilization?

Naturally enough, the head of Catholic Christianity is concentrating his energies on the right solution and clergymen everywhere are seeking some basis for joint endeavor. Naturally also, the universities are stirring, suddenly aware again, after a long sleep, that education means the fitting of the individual citizen to meet life, and life is jeopardized. "Big business" leaders, as most truly they should, are examining their group conscience, and are attempting to find the solution solely in economics; but curiously enough, it is the professional soldiers and sailors, the traditional, though today almost obsolete, trained fighting men, who are turning to history as the matrix from which solution of world problems may be extracted. Even Henry Ford, whose influence is enormous, seems to have come back from his one-time conviction that "history is the bunk" and to be willing to do public penance for that baneful assininity.

The whole world is acutely aware of danger, in all the groups and classes in which society is divided—except the diplomatic services, as professional services, who are the first line of defense of world peace, in spite of the fact that each professional diplomatic service contains individuals of the highest type.

With us, it is the function of Congress by legislation to remedy apparent defects in the organized professional services. Legislation, however, is merely enabling. It is a human problem and legislation only grants authority. It cannot make anything. Moreover, in order to grant adequate authority to men to build an adequate service how would the average mem-

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ber of Congress know the world situation and the relation to it of trained diplomacy? How could he know the basis of proper training for a body of men to carry that relation competently?

The only method in congressional usage is investigation by committees with its attendant abuses. Very few congressional committees seem to be able to decide whether they are fact-finding bodies or supreme tribunals; whether they are attempting to be impartial as scientific seekers of fact on which to build, or whether (with some curious distortion of the notion of a tribunal) every witness who comes before them is not a villain and a criminal. For concrete illustration of that condition, one would not have to go beyond the outstanding example of flagrant misconception of the functions of a congressional committee to be found in the record of inquiry this past winter into Indian affairs, when the devoted group of men who gave up great business interests to organize administration for the first time in our history were made to appear like criminals by irresponsible "Peoples Tribunes."

That is, of all possible ways, not the way to meet the problem of organizing a first line of defense of world peace.

It cannot be done without Congress, but it might be done by a joint commission, composed of selected members of Congress, members of the professional diplomatic service, representatives of the universities, representatives of business and finance and, not least, representatives of the soldiers and sailors upon whose shoulders so much of our diplomatic business has fallen of late years. There might also be included with value, someone with some idea of the meaning of ethics, and some recollection of the basic meaning of Christianity. It would require another "heroic act" to empower such a commission, so heroic that perhaps it could not be expected, for it amounts to public confession of diplomatic inadequacy, if not of diplomatic bankruptcy.

Still, with the whole world turning to social, rather than to time-honored political, war; the revolution affecting every country in the world including our own; with Europe weighing everywhere the evils of Fascism as against the evils of International Marxian Communism; with the dawning understanding that overweening nationalism is also an evil; with wholesale Continental revolt against the domination by the particular form of civilization which has grown up in Europe and has been extended throughout the world—is it not time that guardians of the public welfare be expected to make "heroic acts"?

Is it not time that whatever remains of the obsolescent concept of democracy in America be mobilized in that direction, if there be any man left in either of our major political parties who still has the faintest notion of what democracy means?

EUROPE: PUZZLING AND PUZZLED

By THEODORE DONNELLY

THOUGH Germany was the chief topic of discussion at the London parley, it goes without saying that Europe as a whole forms the background against which the situation prevailing in the Reich must be visualized. Three things seem to me of fundamental importance in estimating the relative status of the Continent (including Britain) today: first, the direct results of the war—transfer of capital to the New World, industrial inactivity, property destruction, increased hostility between nations, and similar misfortunes; second, the decline in the renatability of colonial enterprise, and the expansion of competition in the world market; third, greatly increased social distress and restlessness. The German situation must always be viewed in relation to Europe as a whole, and of course the same rule holds good when one is considering the advantages which have accrued to the Continent partly as a result of the war. Tourist traffic, for example, was beyond any question greatly stimulated by the intense interest which America and other parts of the world took in the great conflict; and a percentage of this traffic went to Germany only as a consequence of the fact that it went to Europe. This seems an almost infantile observation, but it is helpful to think out what it means.

The financial effects of the war on Europe as a whole are not accurately computable. Perhaps the only reliable sources of information are the balance of trade and the amount of foreign indebtedness. Since the coming of peace, the first has been passive as it was prior to 1914. A glance at the tables will show that prior to the recent depression there was, comparatively speaking, little change. But whereas in former times the wealth invested abroad paid back to the European the difference in value between what he imported and exported, the situation today reposes on a loss of capital invested and an increase of indebtedness. Therefore the balance of trade, remaining passive, is a constant threat to European economic stability. In many countries the differences must be made good by borrowing, and this is what has happened to Germany. But that she is not alone in this respect will be seen from an examination of American investments in Europe.

Prior to the war, very little American money was invested in Europe. On the other hand, huge sums of foreign capital were outstanding in the United States. In 1913, the gold reserves of all European countries were two and a half times as great as the gold reserves of the United States. This was a perfectly normal

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relationship, in which the relative maturity of industry in the Old World outweighed larger natural resources in the New World. But by 1924 the heap of yellow coin in New York and its sister cities had far outstripped the combined treasure of London, Paris, Berlin and all other foreign capitals. A corresponding increase in European indebtedness was noted. First came the war debts proper, which in 1929 netted an income of $208,000,000. In addition, more than $17,000,000,000 have been invested abroad privately by American citizens, nearly one-third of which has been placed in Europe.

The political aftermath of the war is easier to visualize. Austria-Hungary, Germany and Russia surrendered territories which became new nations; and Russia, as the home of Sovietism, withdrew almost entirely from Europe. Thus old trade routes of long standing fell into complete disuse or acquired a totally different meaning. For example, the German harbor of Koenigsberg was to a great extent cut off from Russian commerce by the "Wilna corridor," while Dantzig and the new port of Gdynia were opened to Polish mercantilism. Austria lost its egress to the sea, and the Danube came to resemble a pussy-willow by reason of the many nations grouped on its banks. In some cases this development necessitated a revolution in commercial machinery, a good example being the building of the Gdynia-Upper Silesia railway by Poland and France to export coal to the Scandinavian countries. More important is the circumstance that new nationalism came to mean new tariff barriers. This matter has been discussed so frequently that its sinister significance may be taken for granted. There are three main reasons why the multiplication of tariffs in Europe spells disaster: it prevents the necessary economic reconstruction of the whole as a series of naturally interlocking parts; it adds greatly to dangerous rivalry among peoples—one of the most dependable causes of war; and it necessitates the employment of vast armies of customs officials, who even as a time factor represent a serious economic loss.

Among the problems which Europe has not been able to solve is that of insufficient agricultural production. Prior to the war this deficit could be taken more or less for granted, since the character of the world market was such as to permit almost continuous industrial expansion. Some few military voices were heard drawing attention to the possible effect of a food blockade, but hardly anyone dreamed that a modern war could be more than a brief campaign. As a result of bitter experience and of calm examination of the balance of trade, Europe has learned to appreciate its major economic weakness. Today it imports 29 percent of its wheat, 20 percent of other grains used, and 27 percent of its meat, butter and cheese. In addition it must buy elsewhere huge quantities of sugar, fruit and specialties. But how shall the situation be altered? Tariff boundaries remaining what they are, European agriculture cannot be made to compete successfully with overseas producers. Indeed, the average farmer is so beset with low prices and money shortage that he often cannot eke out a living, let alone think of modern improvements. Some few countries—notably Austria—have profited by specially given circumstances to increase the agricultural output noticeably. Others, among which Hungary is a good example, have kept rural districts from insolvency with the aid of government subsidies. Germany had debated scores of ideas, plans and programs. But so long as Europe remains what it is today, dealing with the problem as a whole—and this seems the only way it can be dealt with—is virtually out of the question.

One development directly affecting rural industry is the general population trend. The war marked the point at which the birth-rate in Europe, which theretofore had been slowly falling from the high mark of the middle nineteenth century, approached equality with the death-rate. In the following remarks by R. Kuczynski, north and west Europe are envisaged, but the conclusions apply, relatively speaking, to the Continent as a whole. He says:

> Forty or fifty years ago, the average woman (married or unmarried) bore four to five children in all the countries of northern and western Europe, with the exception of France and Ireland where the number was about three. In 1926 the birth-rate was below three for every woman, averaging about two and three-tenths. It goes without saying that some of the children die before they reach maturity. Forty or fifty years ago, there was an average of three surviving children (i.e., children who in their turn became parents) per woman in all northern and western European countries, again with the exception of France and Ireland, where the average was two. In 1926, the number of such children was still more than two in some smaller countries like Holland, Denmark and Finland; but it was under two in all the larger countries—in France, and particularly in England and Germany.

Put the agricultural and population figures of Europe together, and you have the major corollaries of the modern colonial problem. Nineteenth-century peoples not merely grew and throve by reason of the industrial revolution but also because of its "imperialistic mission." This last alone provided the markets, the opportunities for investment and the absorbent for surplus population upon which the wealth of the immediate past was based. Europe (a) turned more or less steadily from agriculture to industry, and (b) found room for its expanding population simply because the "heathen world" was its to conquer. We often term the hundred years after the defeat of Napoleon the "era of invention and progress." It was, however, primarily the era of invasion, and a good deal of the progress would necessarily cease as soon as the invasion stopped being profitable or feasible. This last was happening more and more regularly as the years went on. First, nearly the whole of the Americas was in part closed to Europe by the rise of the United States

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and the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine. Next, Asia's disaffection waxed serious. And when the war ended Russia had been isolated; China was dangerous ground for Europeans; Japan was drawing indemnity from Germany; India was in a ferment of the greatest possible importance; and the Near East could be ruled only under costly and bothersome mandates. In Africa difficulties were less serious. France put down a revolt in Morocco as Britain had crushed the Boers, but Egypt resisted persuasion. The fact that the once far-flung colonial empire held by the European states is gradually veering toward independence has become more obvious with each year. Asia is virtually lost, and the defection of Africa may be only a matter of time.

Of very particular importance is the retreat of Russia behind Communist walls. This development has a real ideological meaning (i.e., it is an active propaganda agency for Marxian materialism), but its chief importance to Europe lies in its political and economic objectives. What these are has not been made wholly clear, but the obvious emphasis placed on several policies by the Moscow government can legitimately be taken as a satisfactory clue. First, the social order prevalent under the czars has been maintained—there is no popular representation, the state has a religion incompatible with others, labor is in a condition of servitude—though all the names have been changed. Russia even has a sacred dynasty, of which Lenin is the founder. Second, on the basis of this social order the industrial purposes of the old régime are being sponsored, which means that Soviet Russia is trying to export grain without having to spend the proceeds for industrial products manufactured in Europe. To date, this effort has not wholly failed (it probably will not do so), but the country is nowhere near the economic position it occupied prior to 1914. It exports less and with great difficulty; it imports less, and the imports are by no means so widely distributed. Third, Russia's future lies where it did before the war—in an Asia more or less homogeneous and anti-European, inside which such factors as transportation can play a determining part in the routine of trade. Thus far every effort to deflect Russian minds from these paths has failed. And so Moscow abides as the most impressive symbol of the growing cleavage between Europe and colonial territories.

The effect of the Russian development upon social feeling cannot be discussed here. But it is perhaps well to say that most of it (at least in my opinion) lies in the past. Of course, there is always the possibility of another war, during the course of which the armies of France and Moscow would fight in central Europe. But we shall hope that no such finis will be written for European civilization, and if Communism should come to be the prevalent form of ownership, it probably will have fairly little in common with Russia. That seems clear, both by reason of the Russian policy and by reason of the vast differences between the culture of the East and the West. But that the Soviet idea has already had a tremendous influence upon European public feeling seems obvious. The division of large estates into small farms coöperatively managed; the conception of industry as a public utility; the function of the state as an institution for the acquisition and management of capital—these things have profoundly altered the average European's attitude to the economic status quo. One has only to form some impression of the repercussion which these ideas have had in Spain, Italy, Germany and South Central Europe in order to realize which way the wind is blowing. Nor is all this surprising. In the final analysis, Sovietism is not a Russian product. Like so many other creations of the Western mind, it was not appreciated until arrayed in the enchantment which distance lends to the view.

If, then, the European appears as a human being who is first of all a worker, and secondly a citizen whose status compares unfavorably with that of the average man in the New World, it is not hard to understand why he adopts certain points of view. He is more and more inclined to view government as a socializing instrument and to question the assertion that industry needs independence. Again, his attitude to the United States veers to one extreme or another: either he considers it the very model of contemporary progress, or he looks upon it with intense suspicion. This last emotion may repose upon mere dubiousness of the motives which now govern Americans in their relation with foreign countries, or it may be the result of a critical repudiation of the capitalist system upon which life in the United States reposes. Germany affords an interesting laboratory for the study of such points of view, but it affords no reaction foreign to the Continent as a whole.

Harvest-home

Closer and closer leaning
To that from whence we came,
We find another meaning
In things too old to name.

Though weeds usurp our acres
Where once the grain grew tall,
Who are the harvest-makers
That we can know them all.

The blackbird in the furrow
Who whistles for his bread;
The blind mole in his burrow—
These will not go unfed.

Some trees will bloom untended
By any hand of ours;
Fences, however mended,
Let in the meadow flowers.

In fields too grassed for gleaning
The shadowy sheaves are laid;
And oh, their golden meaning
Can be not now gainsaid!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

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WHERE IRELAND'S BEAUTIES MINGLE

By EDWARD J. BREEN

TO THE hundreds of thousands of the sons and daughters of Ireland in every part of the world who are looking forward with great interest to visiting their native land during the Eucharistic Congress in 1932, a vital question is: "What shall I see in the old country away from the beaten track?" This growing desire to see something different from that which everybody sees, is significant of the race's appreciation of the fact that the Island of Saints and Scholars is no longer a Cinderella among the nations, but a vital and vibrant unit in the remaking of history.

And there is much to see. Ireland gleams and glitters impressions of beauty and quaintness all the way from Antrim's glens to fair Kinsale. Nearly one hundred years ago William Makepeace Thackeray, the great English novelist, wrote in his "Irish Sketch Book" that the "most interesting place in Ireland is the whole of it." Nat. P. Willis, American editor and brilliant essayist, wrote along the same lines of thought: "Ireland is everywhere interesting, usually beautiful, sometimes fierce."

The usual visitor to Ireland lands at the Cobh of Cork and, as soon as the custom house officials have passed the luggage, begins a hurried journey. Some wish to get to their childhood homes as soon as they can, to surprise dear ones who wait their coming; others are endowed with the speed complex, and can buy a lot of it in Ireland at a price. But it is a mistake to hurry. Speed is not consistent with sight-seeing, in the opinion of all well-informed Irish travelers, among whom one may mention Stephen L. Gwynn, Harold Begbie, G. K. Chesterton and the late J. I. C. Clarke, whose "The Fighting Race," although filled with characteristic action, only reached the written pages after much travel in the homeland and considerable reaction in the mind of its brilliant writer. Nor did Padraic Colum accumulate the material for "Crossroads in Ireland" by the speed route. This book rather suggests the patient, diligent enjoyment of the road, the hill, the dale, the stream—and even suggests the friendly pleasures of stretching out on the green sward and wading in the babbling brook.

Residents of the Cobh of Cork have serious and worthy objections to being considered mere dwellers in a transatlantic jumping-off station. They have a laudable pride in their great harbor, where the United States headquartered during the World War, and the noble hillocks, where many beautiful homes look down upon the valley through which the Lee wends its way to the ocean. By road or by motor boat the journey to the city of Cork is one of beauty and gives the visitor the first great thrill from New Ireland's sturdiness. Fine homes line the banks of the river, which is plied by many privately owned motor-boats. Look at the things near to you for valuable information or for beauty and you'll find plenty of both. Don't be afraid to take the crease out of your trousers. Slip your bare feet into the cool stream, and, if you lie in the grass look up. The mountains carry dreamy and holy memories. Listen to the thrush, sweet Irish singer, which haunts this portion of Cork. The whitewashed cottage with its flower-burdened frontage will welcome you. Peep behind the fuchsias that grow eight to ten feet high, lining the hedges along the way. Pick the foxglove that grows by millions on stalks reaching up into your face. Nobody will object. Flowers are free in every part of Ireland, and this statement is as good in the Ulster counties as in the Free State.

The Cork of today is indeed a vast improvement on the city that greeted Thackeray on his visit more than ninety years ago. Many active industries have fallen under the spell of the great Shannon Power project. Henry Ford operates a tractor plant there that employs some 10,000 men. In fact Cork is on a par with any hustling American city of the same size. Industrial progress throughout the Irish Free State made it possible for its financial minister Blythe to announce at the end of its last fiscal year that it had been able to meet all its budgetary obligations, as well as some heavy incidental expenses, and start the new year with a substantial balance.

It is well worth while to spend a little time along the Cork water-front, and from it view the city which is built on two hills, the waters of the river Lee dancing in the valley. Thackeray took such a stroll in Cork some ninety years ago, and wrote in his "Sketch Book":

> I think in walking the streets and looking at the ragged urchins crowding there, every Englishman must remark that the superiority of intelligence is here, and not with us. I never saw such a collection of bright-eyed, wild, clever, eager faces. I listened to two boys almost in rags; they were lolling over a quay balustrade and talking about one of the Ptolemys! And talking very well, too."

The visitor in 1932 will find the same sort of boys, better dressed and happier, possibly discussing current events—and talking very well too. There are many educational institutions in and around the city. The Irish Christian Brothers conduct a college in Cork that comes within the reach of the poorest. There Brother Gerald Griffin taught, and uttered his beautiful melodies. The Father Mathew Hall, in memory of Father Theobald Mathew who established a voluntary temperance movement in Cork, is only a short distance from the college and not far removed from the home of Samuel Lever whose novels are still widely read.

Leaving Cork, the road to Waterford by way of the headwaters of the Lee furnishes important recollec-

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tions of the days of "good Queen Bess," as she loved to be called. Here was situated the great estate of the Desmonds before the Virgin Queen seized it and turned over its 4,000 acres to Edmund Spenser, a poet and a favorite. History records the manner in which the unfortunate people who worked the land were treated by the queen's poet and her soldiers. His pouting, supercilious letters to his queen give signal proof of his character. In one of them he suggested his fear of receiving medical treatment from an Irish physician, advising the extermination of the Irish race as an English necessity. Kilcolman House, where this poet wrote "Faerie Queene," was burned down centuries ago, and a new Ireland is growing up over the ruins of the residence of him who would destroy the race.

Near the city of Cappoquin some miles away is Ireland's greatest monastery, the Trappist House of Mount Meilleraie. Men are always welcome there, but the female of the species cannot enter the gates. The abbot, guest master and porter are the only Trappists who speak to male guests; even the monks who serve the meals cannot say a word. Some of the guests do enough talking for all concerned. The cuisine is excellent, and it is impossible to suggest to a visitor a more delightful environment if he be contemplative and has a week or two to spend with his thoughts.

From the abbey the roads to Waterford and Tramore are good, but persons traveling the Irish roads in motor cars will find thermos equipment with plenty of drinking water as important to comfort as is fuel for the engine. On the Tramore beach may be found on any day some of the most prominent personalities in Ireland and England. The hotels are excellently equipped. Throughout Ireland hotel rates, service and cuisine compare very favorably with those in towns of the same size in the United States, and are far ahead of the English and Scotch.

As this story does not attempt to tell over again the glories of the Irish places that everybody knows, the vale of Avoca and its beautiful traditions are left behind, with Carlow as the next stop. Its famous old castle on which all the strength of Cromwell's artillery was trained still lingers piecemeal, one of its walls forming a wall for a boot and shoe factory which sends auto trucks to the farms to gather and take home the workers. The great glory of the town is in its beautiful Gothic cathedral and the manner in which the great J. K. L. raised the money that paid for its erection. It was after Catholic Emancipation when John Louis Doyle was appointed to the See of Kildaire and Leighlin, Carlow being the cathedral town. He addressed communications on religious, educational, economic and political affairs to English and Irish papers, signing John of Kildare and Leighlin, which later he shortened to J. K. L. Prominent Englishmen became anxious to meet him and a visit was arranged. He took advantage of his opportunity, and brought back to Carlow the money that made possible the cathedral. Carlow's most recent fame is that it was the first town of its size (10,000 population) in the world to be lighted by electric lights. That was in 1887.

Bray comes next among out-of-the-way places worth a special record. It was for many years a favorite and convenient bathing shore for the city of Dublin. Some three years ago the manufacturers of Irish tweeds decided to use the Shannon Power with a view to increasing their output for the manufacture of ready-made clothing. Tailors were an economic necessity and it was arranged to bring 150 families from England. The representatives of the invited families were mostly concerned about a place where they could live in community. They saw Bray, leased the necessary housing and have been living there and working in the new Dublin factories ever since.

Once housed in any good Dublin hotel, the city spreads out before one with a plenitude of interesting background. Those interested in musical matters enjoy visiting the home of Thomas Moore and other shrines sacred to Ireland's musical progression. Dublin refuses to accept the American idea that politics is the first faculty of the Irish. They say over there, "It's music." Everyone who has heard Handel's "Messiah" gets a real thrill out of a little journey to the room where this masterpiece was conceived and executed. It was written as a result of a request that the great composer, a welcome visitor from his native Germany, produce something for a charity concert. It may interest those who want to learn all they can about the great Dean Swift, to find out that when the absentee cleric made one of his infrequent visits to his Dublin cathedral he discharged two of his clergymen for "fiddling" at the same concert.

Like every other part of Ireland, Dublin has allurements for different temperaments, to recount which is very much like telling people to see the Lakes of Killarney, the Giants' Causeway, the Gap of Dunloe and other spots press-agented ad nauseum in every guide book obtainable. The main object of this writing is to advise against speeding, in the desire to achieve the most pleasure and instruction from the visit.

Mere Shop

The "Babbitts" talked of business; and the poet
Yawned in their faces. It seemed dull enough
This talk of loss and profit; sordid stuff
On sales and prices, trade and how to grow it,
The kind of stock to buy, the way to show it.
The poet thought, "What mercenary guff!"
And scornfully departed in a huff,
Saying, "I thought them dullards, now I *know* it."

And yet behind that business talk he heard
There loomed an epic ready to his hand,
Of empires building and of deserts stirred
To fruitfulness, of time and distance spanned,
So that by "dull machinery of trade"
The world is fed and clothed—and poets paid!

BERTON BRALEY.

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DR. PRÜMMER: 1866-1931

By JAMES E. DONNELLY

NOT THE least among the great modern theologians must be reckoned Father Dominic Prümmer, O.P., of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, whose death on June 9 saddened the Catholic world. For twenty-three years he had labored at the work of studying and teaching practical moral theology in Fribourg's international university. He gave his first lecture there at the age of forty-two, and his last on the very day of his death, at the age of sixty-five. Trusted by His Holiness Pope Pius XI who employed him on several special missions, honored by ecclesiastical and civil authorities who consulted him on legal questions in their moral aspect, sought by hundreds of priests upon the method of dealing with the souls of the spiritually sick, and venerated by the thousands of students who were formed under his scholarly guidance, Father Prümmer has a wide claim to universal honor and respect.

But mostly is he remarkable in our day as a man of morals—a man who "had built his house upon the rock" of faith and who remained in complete serenity despite the tumult of stormy modern scepticism. With a firm, profound grasp of the moral doctrines of the "Summa Theologica," with a judgment tempered by wide and varied experience, he lived and taught the eternal norms of truth and virtue. Socialism and Communism were his special enemies. Against their false tenets he vindicated the right of private property. To the false teachings in favor of state sterilization of criminals and the unfit, he opposed the principle that man has an inviolable right to the integrity of his body. He condemned the immoral practice of birth control on the ground that it is a perversion of the right order and sinful in the sight of God.

His education in civil law and physical science at Louvain, his knowledge of medicine acquired in Berlin, his mastery of canon law in which he held a doctorate, were as so many adjuncts to the central study of his life, moral theology. He wrote or spoke of the most delicate phases of justice, charity and faith with such perfect precision that in many controversial questions his opinion is accepted as conclusive.

His influence will survive in the lives of the priests who have been his students. The classroom over which Father Prümmer presided so long with a kindly but firm control was the theatre par excllence of his activities. To his audience, polyglot in character, he delivered his lectures in measured, fluid Latin such as makes one wonder why men search for another universal language. Relentless as the truths he spoke, he enunciated principles, illustrated them with apt examples, and supported them with adequate reasoning. When other authors differed with him upon certain points, he criticized them with the charity of Christ but the logic of Aristotle. He possessed a gentle humor which served to relieve the gravity of the subjects he treated and which for the students was at once a remedy for ennui and an antidote against morbidity. His lectures were unostentatious, so that casual auditors who knew him chiefly through his writings were often surprised at the unadorned style in which he clothed the richness of his ideas. This very simplicity gained for him the confidence and esteem of everyone who met him.

His influence will survive also in his monumental work, "Manuale Theologiae Moralis" (1914), a textbook in three volumes which has gone through four editions and which is in use in several seminaries. In this explanation of the science of God the author reveals himself as a disseminator of right ideas which inevitably come to flower in the hearts of men of goodwill. His other chief published works are "Manuale Juris Canonici" (1920); "Fontes Vitae Sancti Thomae" (1924); "Psychopathie und Moral" (1927); "Vademecum Theologiae Moralis" (1923). The revenue from his publications he consecrated to the foundation of the St. Boniface Burse, valued at $800, and devoted to the education of a German theological student.

Endowed with an unusual command of foreign languages Father Prümmer extended his influence far beyond the classroom walls to come in contact with the myriad readers of magazine and news articles. In America the *Ecclesiastical Review* and the *Homilectic and Pastoral Review,* and in England the *Clergy Review,* have published his articles. In Germany and Switzerland many more periodicals have welcomed the studies he penned on moral and casuistical questions.

He also maintained a voluminous correspondence with secular and religious friends who considered him an oracle of truth. As a director of souls he exhibited that power which flows only from an interior religious spirit. His final achievement was to bring about the establishment of the Institute of Canon Law at Fribourg University. He was elected president of the new institute just a few weeks before his death.

He had spent the last ten years of his life directly in the shadow of death which physicians had prophesied as hourly imminent owing to the weakness of his heart. Yet with unremitting faithfulness this man and teacher of morals performed his many tasks until he died, exhausted by the demands that his own will made upon him. The life story of Father Prümmer shows a man in whom the natural worth of his talents was transmuted into the solid gold of supernatural wisdom by complete immersion in the living waters of Divine Truth. He gives us assurance that amid the world's present ferment of social unrest and flagrant immorality, faith and virtue still have their willing champions.

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DE PROFUNDIS

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

IT IS sad news that the Soviet government has ordered the destruction of the magnificent Cathedral of the Redeemer, one of the landmarks of Moscow. Indignation, too, will stir in all artists and admirers of beautiful monuments, as well as historians, who love to study the valiant deeds of a nation in the stones which commemorate them. It is impossible to understand the mentality of people who refuse to respect the memory of the heroic deeds performed by their ancestors and who try to date history from the hour of their own triumphs.

The Cathedral of the Redeemer was built to perpetuate the memory of the deliverance of Moscow and of Russia from the French in 1812. Its construction took sixty-two years. Begun in 1815, it was consecrated in May, 1883, three days after the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III and of his consort, the Empress Marie Feodorovna, with the greatest pomp imaginable and amidst great enthusiasm. It was one of the most splendid shrines of Europe. Built in pure white marble, its golden domes and cupolas proudly arose over the "white stone city," as Moscow was called in ancient times, and could be seen at many miles distance. All around its exterior walls were bas-reliefs of gray Russian marble, the work of some of the most famous Russian sculptors of the nineteenth century. The interior was more like that of an Italian church, than of a Byzantine basilica. The frescoes which ornamented it had quite a Catholic character. Most of them were by the Polish painter, Semiradski, who had a studio in Rome, and whose work, depicting various episodes in the life of the Virgin, was inspired by some of the famous pictures in its museums. With him worked Vasnetzoff, Vereschagin, and Bruni, all of them famous Russian artists of the nineteenth century. Hence one may say that the Cathedral of the Redeemer was the work of Russian genius, and built by Russian faith.

The story of its erection is in itself a curious one. Immediately after the French had evacuated Moscow, a monk in the Alexievsky Monastery, who had a great reputation of piety, had a dream during which the Saviour appeared to him and told him that on the spot where stood that monastery would arise one day the most beautiful church in Moscow, and that all Russia would give thanks in it for deliverance from the French yoke. The following day he went to relate this dream to the Metropolitan of Moscow, Plato, who was the more impressed by it since, as he told his visitor, he had had the same dream that very same night. Alexander I was expected in Moscow the next day, and to him the metropolitan suggested the idea of building a church to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon. The Czar, much impressed by the suggestion, ordered a subscription to be opened for the purpose. As the most appropriate site the metropolitan proposed the ground upon which stood the Alexievsky Monastery, an old half-ruined building, commanding a magnificent view of Moscow and its Kremlin. And this proposal also was accepted.

In 1815, the first stone was laid by the emperor, with great ceremony. But no plans had been made for the monument, and after that nothing more was done for a number of years. Finally in 1832, the work was begun in earnest. The whole of Russia contributed something toward its building. Officially the cost amounted to 14,000,000 rubles, but in reality it was much more, as many rich people made splendid offerings to it of precious stones, plate, vestments and ikons of immense value, the price of which was never stated or taken into account.

Moscow was proud of this famous cathedral, which reminded it of one of the most glorious episodes in its history, and looked upon the "Redeemer" as it was familiarly called by the Muscovites, as one of its most cherished national treasures. The thought that it is to be destroyed by the iconoclastic fury of the Bolsheviks arouses horror and dismay. One wonders what will happen next. The Iberian chapel has already disappeared, and in all likelihood the famous Cathedrals of the Kremlin will follow. Moscow, thus deprived of all its religious landmarks, will no longer be the proud city which Ivan III the Great, husband of Sophia Paleologue, niece of the last Emperor of Byzantium, had called the "Third Rome." The first, he said, "has perished; the second, Constantinople, has now fallen; the third, Moscow, stands; and a fourth one there will never be."

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLICS AND GRADUATE STUDY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Dr. Deferrari's article on "Catholics and Graduate Study" undoubtedly has brought you many letters, for it is provocative if not provoking. May I offer some observations of a general nature, not precisely in reply to your contributor but still to the point of the question at issue?

It seems to me that we have too many graduate students, although we have not a sufficient number. Time and again I have pleaded for more graduate study; but I have also consistently advocated selective higher education. Hard as the saying may sound to some ears, it remains a truth to be repeatedly proclaimed: that higher education is not the prerogative of all but the privilege of the few. The real problem of the universities, as far as *interna* are concerned, arises not so much from a dearth of doctors as from an abundance of inferior and average students. Our failure to make adequate provision for the deliberate selection of superiorities for advanced schooling constitutes a blot upon our education record.

Because of the poor capacity of the students, the emphasis in graduate study has shifted from study to "training," from intellectual labor to devices of research. Technique has become the standard. But technique can never serve as a successful substitute for talent. It is mind that matters, not method. The university experts of the day pretend that there is some elaborate, mysterious and magical formula of research, of which they possess a monopoly. This is an insult to the dignity of intellect. The operations of the mind may be mysterious, but the evidences of its reliability and resourcefulness are manifest and marvelous. Given native talent, intensive preparatory and college training, a continued studious disposition: and a man needs not to be taught any stale method of research. He will develop his own system. The curiosity, the keenness, the ingenuity, the mobility of his mind will enable him to advance steadily in the way of truth—even to the discovery of new truth.

"New truth!" Thousands of mediocrities are encouraged in the belief that they are engaged in "pushing forward the frontiers of knowledge." Men—and alas! women, too—who have no sound fundamental education, no background of culture; who have no definite philosophy of life; who do not understand their own civilization; who have only sneers for the ancients, sneers for all the past and sneers for foreign learning; who have no critical faculty, no depth, no thoroughness, no judgment, no balance; who are bored by books and irked by solitude; who have scarcely begun to master the essential truths of their own field; who upon encountering a truth are unqualified to tell whether it be old or new—such men form the

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greater part of the army of intellectual conquest. They learn some stereotyped tactics and an outrageous jargon—and presto! we are presented with a new acquisition, amid mad confusion of thought and miserable mangling of mother-tongue. What presumption! What conceit! What arrogance! The spirit of search for the new, ignoring or despising the old, is supremely perilous. It is this superlative spirit of self-confidence, this unbridled spirit of self-exaltation that leads men into the sin of sins: into the desire to be like unto God, into the attempt to do the work of creation.

Techniques, methods, artifices, tricks of the trade of schooling; prescribed libraries, prescribed laboratories, prescribed endowments in money and in lives; size, and system, and statistics; standardized teachers, standardized students, standardized studies—these are the externals, the machinery of education. The surrender of these externals, the idolatry of this machinery has resulted in a demoralization approaching disaster.

What, then, would I have our Catholic universities do? I would have them cease mimicking other universities; defy the demands of the mechanisms I have named; select and admit only superior and extraordinary students; put the express emphasis upon specialized as well as continued general education rather than upon training for research; insist upon mastery and maintenance of established truth; and concentrate upon studies primarily pertaining to the *res Catholica*. What do I conceive the mission of Catholic universities to be? To find new truth, mainly? No. Their mission is "to produce"—as I have said elsewhere—"to produce strong and aggressive leaders, trained in truth, firm in faith, vigorous in virtue; who will strive for the prevalence of Catholic principle, the dominance of Catholic doctrine, the supremacy of the Catholic spirit; who will mold the mind of the masses and give direction to the course of the country's civilization; who will never be captivated by the plausibility or swayed by the insidiousness of error; who will be resolutely committed to ruthless war upon wrong; who in a cause of right will never temporize and procrastinate, never placate and apologize; who, in a word, will be militant in a Church that is essentially militant in genius, in tradition, in destiny."

CHARLES N. LISCHKA.

Weston, Mass.

TO the Editor: May I be allowed, apropos of the article by Professor Roy J. Deferrari, "Catholics and Graduate Study," to make the following observations?

(1) There are in the United States 145 seminaries for the education of the secular and regular clergy, with a total, in 1930, of 17,616 students. As far as I can gather, approximately 8,000 of these are in the major seminaries. For entrance into a major seminary the completion of the sophomore class in either a college or in a preparatory seminary is required, and the major seminary course lasts six years. So that for ordination an amount of study lasting four years beyond the time when the young seminarian would have graduated from college is exacted. Four years beyond the bachelor's degree is the time ordinarily consumed in gaining the doctor's degree in a graduate school. I admit that the seminary course in theology is not research in the sense of Professor Defarrari's paper. But it is a course of intensive study in a difficult field, and the output of Catholic devotional, theological and philosophical literature would seem to indicate that our priests, who are graduates of these seminaries, have caught a goodly share of the enthusiasm of the true scholar. Besides, the caliber of those who enter our seminaries is not below the average of the caliber of those who enter upon research in our universities. I am wondering how many graduate students would flock to our secular universities if a proportionate number of non-Catholic college graduates entered the ministry? I have been moved to make this observation on seminaries by the fact that, in at least one case which came under my observation, the work done in Catholic seminaries after graduation from a Catholic college was accepted by the Association of American Universities as graduate work.

(2) "The Seventh Census of Graduate Research Students in Chemistry" has just been published by the Research Information Service of the National Research Council. This is the census for the year 1930. Reports were received from 137 institutions, of which 21 reported that research was carried on only by members of the faculty. In these 137 institutions there were 2,795 graduate research students in chemistry, of whom 1,376 were working for the master's degree, 1,419 were working for the doctor's degree; in addition, 1,404 were members of the faculty. Nine Catholic institutions reported: seven universities (Catholic, Georgetown, Notre Dame, Dayton, St. Louis, Fordham, Marquette) and two colleges (Boston and Holy Cross). In these nine Catholic schools there was a total of 130 engaged in research in chemistry, 36 for the master's degree, 35 for the doctorate, while 59 were members of the faculty. The total for the Catholic institutions reporting is 3 percent of the whole. This percentage does not mean very much since only eight Catholic schools reported; and to my certain knowledge there are many other Catholic schools doing research in chemistry. In this report Georgetown has 33 research students; Fordham, 30; Notre Dame, 25; Marquette, 23; St. Louis, 17. An inspection of the figures given for the totals in the 137 institutions reporting, shows that the five Catholic schools named above are surpassed, in numbers of graduate students in chemistry, by 59 non-Catholic universities; and that they *surpass* 78 of the schools listed.

As far as I know, none of the Catholic universities listed in the report has any endowment for research in chemistry. Most of those which surpass them in numbers of research students in chemistry are generously endowed. In the light of this fact of absence of endowment, the showing of the nine Catholic institutions is highly creditable.

REV. M. J. AHERN, S.J.

THESE NEUROTIC HEROINES

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: In these days of overcrowded lay literature on the subject of sex, so unscientifically treated by men and women who have no knowledge of either its physiology or psychology, it is a relief to meet occasionally an author or authoress who, being aware of their real inefficiency in that particular line, speak of the subject in question very cautiously, fearing fundamental errors.

On the other hand, there are writers who without special preparation possess an exceptionally keen insight into the subject and draw correct inferences as to the meaning of the various psychological phenomena which we psychiatrists have worked out with a fair degree of accuracy after years of observation and study. To the latter class of lay writers belongs the author of "These Neurotic Heroines" in the issue of THE COMMONWEAL of June 10. It is a great satisfaction to note that she does not juggle with psychological terms, that she possesses a clear conception of the latter, and her understanding of human characteristics is in keeping with our psychiatric knowledge.

DR. ALFRED GORDON.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Shoot the Works

AS A COÖPERATIVE venture in these perilously unemployed times, one feels disposed to be more than charitable to Heywood Broun's sprawling review, "Shoot the Works," in which more people have combined their talents than the typographer can easily enumerate on one program page. It is all put together and arranged somehow in a spirit of the most complete informality, with Johnny Boyle apparently the directing hand for the dance numbers and Ted Hammerstein for the dialogue. The sketches are by everybody from Broun himself to Peter Arno, including Dorothy Parker, Nunally Johnson and a squad of other luminaries. Irving Berlin is but one of a dozen or fifteen who have contributed to either music or lyrics or both. Everything is there, apparently, except a compact and firm sense of showmanship and a keen power of elimination.

It is really quite surprising how the intellegentsia can muddle things up when they are given a free hand. Take, for example, the opening. Someone had the idea that a completely informal opening would set the pace for an unusual evening. Before the house lights go off, the curtain rises on a bare stage set for rehearsals. One by one a few people wander in until a crowd has assembled. Then Johnny Boyle in suspenders comes from the back of the house and begins to pick from candidates for the chorus. It is about five minutes before he orders lights on and the show begins—including the music.

The curious fact is that this artificial informality has just the opposite effect from the one intended. Most of the glamor and illusion of the theatre originates in that moment when the house lights go down and, in the case of a musical show, the orchestra strikes up. That double event sets both the mood and the tempo. To have everything begin in a dull half-light, and without music, is simply to have everything begin in a flat and artificial key—in the sense that what is deliberately (as against spontaneously) unconventional is bound to seem artificial. It is like beginning a meal with ice cream and ending with a cocktail. Unfortunately, this slow start gains no momentum from a labored bit of autobiography, during which Mr. Broun proceeds to give some idea, in a short sketch called "Selecting the Songs," of the troubles he has gone through in assembling the show. Only Bernard Shaw can make a preface more interesting than the play. It is not until the third number, a quite unrelated song and dance specialty, that the affair begins to take on the hue of entertainment. After that, with occasional lapses, "Shoot the Works" begins to gather speed and efficiency. At best, however, it is a collection of individual numbers, some of them (chiefly the ones staged by Johnny Boyle) quick and effective, and others falling into the doldrums of echoing many a past review.

Probably the best sketch is one at the entire expense of specialists in the medical profession. A patient is pronounced dead by an eminent specialist who maintains that her illness lies outside the scope of his specialty. An old family doctor from the country happens to drop in and restores the "corpse" to life by sticking his fingers into her throat and pulling out an offending chicken bone. Whereupon the specialist, starting to drink from a convenient tumbler, finds he has swallowed poison. He calls for two whites of eggs as an antidote. The husband of the recent victim (who is in the wholesale egg business) calmly refuses to supply the eggs. He is (so his indignation will have it) a specialist in yolks and not in whites! A few more darts of this kind would lift the Broun review to the level one might expect. The majority of the sketches, however, have to do with outworn triangles, hidings under beds and in closets and similar evidences of mental exhaustion. William O'Neal does some good singing, and Boyle and his crew do some excellent dancing, tap and otherwise. A certain Julie Johnson exhibits rare grace and quiet charm in the songs entrusted to her. (At the George M. Cohan Theatre.)

Books of the Theatre—Enter the Actress

THE AMAZING erudition of Rosamond Gilder in the history of the theatre does not prevent her writing entertainingly, fluently, and with obvious delight in her work, of the gradual entry of women into the precincts of the theatre, as actresses, as playwrights and as managers. Her recent book, "Enter the Actress" (Houghton Mifflin Company), is an extraordinarily fertile source of reference to a thousand matters in the development of the theatre from the earliest recorded days in Greece down to what is almost the present. It remains true to its theme in not attempting to tell of all the great actresses, but in bringing vividly before us only the pioneers in each country and age, from the favorites of Roman emperors and the women of the gutter troupes in Greece and Rome to Madame Vestris, first modern directress of the English stage.

Miss Gilder makes no evasions about the dual character of the stage throughout history. There has always been, she asserts, "something satanic in the very nature of the theatre. Born of ritual and revelry, it is at once a child of God and offspring of the devil . . . In this double aspect it very fairly mirrors the larger human scene, and not least of all in its attitude toward woman. When, as in Greece, the nobler aspects of the theatre were closed to her, she came in, as was to be expected, by the devil's way." I need hardly point out Miss Gilder's slight confusion in mystical genealogy, by which the theatre has two sires! It would be a little happier to let it go at human parentage, and as something through which, like everything else in life, both good and evil work and battle. The theatre is a passive instrument, used for the magic of illusion. It is both as noble and as debased as men and women, and the famous women whom Miss Gilder describes, with such wealth of informed comment, reflect both the best and the worst. An utter frankness in dealing with them is a distinct characteristic of Miss Gilder's work. She does not accept gossip carelessly, and often defends her characters or rightly calls them spades.

Possibly the most interesting contribution in the series concerns the first woman playwright, the tenth-century nun of Gandersheim Abbey, Hrotsvitha. In discussing her, Miss Gilder at times grows excessively psychoanalytical, analyzing her more realistic scenes as outlets for the repressions of convent life. On the whole, however, the treatment is highly sympathetic and makes an historical contribution of first importance. Andreini of Italy, Molière and the two Bejart women, Ianthe, Mary Betterton, Aphra Behn, England's first professional woman playwright, and La Montansier, of revolutionary France, are a few of the many others whom Miss Gilder illuminates with quick, witty and occasionally profound remarks. The book represents a tremendous labor of research, but there is no sense of labor in its writing.

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BOOKS

Towers of Today

Modern Architecture, by Frank Lloyd Wright. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $4.00.

PHRASES like "petty structural deceit," "principle is the only safe tradition," "the sentimentality of the 'ornamental,'" give the point of view of Frank Lloyd Wright, our leading radical architect. This book, composed of lectures delivered at Princeton in 1930, has elements of greatness. The style is warlike, idiosyncratic, Carlylean, and the thought is, more often than not, distinguished.

Mr. Wright himself is that storied person, the prophet without honor in his own country. In the records of modern European architecture his is a name to conjure with. He has influenced the ideas of the Continental designers, Le Corbusier, Oud, Gropius, and Miës van der Rohe, toward functionalism. Already a group of young "rejected" American architects trained in this Continental style has held a sort of *Salon des Refusés* in New York and exhibited designs the ideas for which Frank Lloyd Wright, a generation ago, was responsible. These young men showed plans for such buildings as a Soviet theatre, a dentist's office, a bath-house, an airplane hangar. The designs were appropriate in these cases, if nowhere else.

It is not surprising that Mr. Wright's book is dedicated to young men in architecture. He has the young spirit of the iconoclast. Much of his iconoclasm is healthy. No one will regret the passing of the cornice in city buildings, and no one should regret his criticism of the tyrant skyscraper, congesting everybody physically, financially, and spiritually, except the landlord and the tenants of the top stories. But, of all Mr. Wright's iconoclasm, or rather prophecy, the most refreshing is his vision of the good life of the future: town, in an office building, for half of the week; country, on a few self-supporting acres, bolstered by the proximity of a citified rural community, for the rest of the week. His last lecture on "The City" is the most brilliant in the book. He believes that the city, as we know it, is dying. It does not minister to the spirit, but to the machine. Nowadays we all "go narrowly up, up, up, to come narrowly down, down, down—instead of going in and out and comfortably around about among the beautiful things to which our lives are related on this earth." Thus this messianic spirit sings its hymn to horizontality, repose, romance and imagination in architecture.

JAMES W. LANE.

Sceptical Criticism

Builders of Delusion: A Tour among Our Best Minds, by Henshaw Ward. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

MR. WARD has given us a sprightly demonstration that the certitudes of one generation in philosophy, sociology, education, psychology and even physical science fail to gain universal acceptance in the next generation. In the panorama of the ages, isms and ologies strut their brief time upon the stage of popular or learned approval, and disappear. We can be as sure that Freudism and behaviorism and mental tests will be superseded, as that long skirts will succeed short ones.

"Builders of Delusion" is a good antidote to the shallow thinking that accepts the latest intellectual fad as ultimate truth because it happens to have a certain vogue among "our best minds." To read, weigh and inwardly digest this book might make us humbler in the face of life, somewhat less cocksure of

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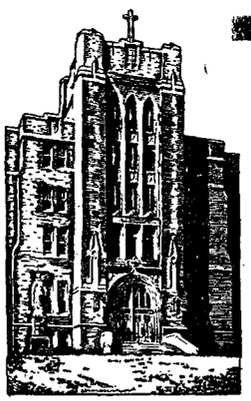

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our own opinions, less dogmatic where dogmatism is out of place. But Mr. Ward's cure is worse than the disease. He is certain of only one thing, that we cannot be rationally certain of anything; he knows only that we cannot know in any absolute sense. Ward even joins the ranks of the prophets, and knows that no one will ever know: "We shall never find a recipe for knowing truth from falsehood." It would have shown more clearly he had learned his own lesson had he been less dogmatic, at least about the future.

And yet Ward admits that there is a fundamental urge in human beings to attain certitude. If there is social verification for anything—a criterion recognized by Ward—it would seem to be for the fact of this demand for certitude. One may say that practical living requires us to act in many instances as if we were certain, in fact requires us to be certain. When a man marries, he is probably certain that he loves his wife; afterwards, he is probably certain that he is the father of her children. We are certain that we are the children of particular parents. Though we may toy with the idea that there is "no recipe for knowing truth from falsehood," we must live with certitudes.

We have to live, and life knows only one form of arguing—the reductio ad absurdum. If a philosophical theory cannot be lived, then we ought to discard it. And Mr. Ward's philosophical theory—for in spite of the hard things he has said of philosophy, he is himself writing philosophy—that there is no "recipe for knowing truth from falsehood" cannot be lived, even for the short space of one sentence. For if Mr. Ward did not believe this proposition to be true, why did he write it? And if he believes it to be true, surely he must believe that he has some "recipe" by which he can distinguish its truth from the falsehood of its contradictory.

There is another sense, too, in which Mr. Ward's theory cannot be lived. For his theory involves that blighting scepticism that has marked the end of every previous civilization. When a people adopts this modern temper of Ward and Krutch, it is replaced by a people with a more robust confidence in life.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

Out of the East

The Religion of Man, by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Confucius and Confucianism, by Richard Wilhelm. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

IN MAY, 1930, at Manchester College, Oxford, Rabindranath Tagore delivered the Hibbert Lectures, which the first of these two books records. In his preface the lecturer says, "In the present volume I offer the evidence of my own personal life, brought to a definite focus." While admitting that to some readers the lectures will supply matter for psychological research, he is not without hope that they will also convey to others their own ideal value which is surely important in any subject, but immensely so in that of religion. Again, on page 225, in answer to a question by Professor Einstein, he says, "My religion is the reconciliation in my own being of the Super-personal Man, the 'Universal Human Spirit,'" which he asserts is the theme of these Hibbert Lectures.

His thought is expressed in a diction which is as pleasing as it is clear, even though the author is conveying it in the borrowed garments of the English language. Throughout one can easily detect the artist as well as the thinker. The too frequent use of imagery, though beautifully conceived and accurately presented, serves, however, to cloud the meaning.

The addresses are in the main unsatisfying to the Occidental

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mind which still doubts whether the conception of a human universal climax or center, into which perhaps individualities are to be merged, can or will assist in vitalizing personal relations with the Supreme Author of Being. This seems quite too indefinite for Western logic and faith.

The addresses are in the main unsatisfying to the Occidental rare Sinologue, who had spent many years in China teaching first at Tsingtao, when that port was under German control, and later at the Peiping National University, though finally returning to the city University of Frankfort-on-the-Main to occupy the chair of Chinese literature and language. The publishers and the author are singularly fortunate in the selection of the translators. Dr. Danton and his scholarly wife knew Dr. Wilhelm in China at the time that they were heads of the German Department of the Tsing Hua College.

Dr. Wilhelm was a firm believer in the right of the Chinese to complete political and social self-determination. This attitude of mind arose in part from the fact that he was one of that class which found delight in imbibing the culture of the Chinese rather than seeking to impose Western tenets and ideals on them.

His volume is thus sympathetic to Chinese thought presented in the two main sections of the book. The first deals with the data disclosed in the "History of Sse-Ma-Chien" of which there is a previous translation in French by Edouard Chavannes. The second portion contains documents of Confucian teaching and certain post-Confucian writings, both sections being much expanded and explained by the use of the notes from the Chavannes translation and those added by the two translators. The work is well done, but much of the ground has already been covered by Chavannes, by Legge, by De Mailla.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Sunset Songs

Northwest Verse: An Anthology; edited by Harold G. Merriam. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

WITHOUT a literary ballyhoo, a poetical movement has developed in far reaches of the Northwest. This anthology of over fifty poets testifies to the fruitfulness of the movement. Ably edited by Mr. Merriam, the poets marshaled in collected form, demonstrate that the states of Washington, Idaho, Montana and Oregon have produced distinctive writers of their own. It helps to establish the fact that Hazel Hall, Stoddard King and Harold Vinal—contributors to our best magazines—are part of an indigeneous expression of their native states. A part of American life which has been the subject of melodrama now becomes the province of poets. The influence of tradition is apparent, but these poets seek a natural medium to express their own world. Here the vast open regions are realistically described and better—interpreted.

In Hazel Hall, the group has a distinguished poet, and the anthology contains some of her best poems. She is a quiet poet of meditation and imagination, who found a rich world beneath the commonplace. She has the wisdom and beauty of Emily Dickinson, and will probably be belatedly discovered in the future. H. L. Davis has turned frontier legends into poetic form. He has celebrated the legendary characters of Jesse Applegate and Joab Powell—leaders in the days of the early settlement. Miss Carolyn Davies, in a few lines of gifted compression, sings the part of the cowboy.

Readers of THE COMMONWEAL will find reprinted poems by the Misses Hedges, Fuller and Skavalan which first appeared in these pages.

EDWIN CLARK.

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Briefer Mention

The Westminster Version of the Scriptures. The New Testament: Vol. 4, The Epistle to the Hebrews, The Pastoral and Catholic Epistles, The Apocalypse of St. John. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.40.

THE COMMONWEAL has several times called attention to the virtues of the new Catholic version of Holy Writ, at present under the general editorship of Fathers Lattey and Keating. It hopes to come back to the subject again, at greater length. Meanwhile the publication of the present volume is most earnestly brought to the attention of readers and students. Canon Patrick Boylan has edited Hebrews with his usual clarity and authority; the work on the other Epistles has been divided between the late Reverend Francis Gigot and the Reverend W. H. Kent, whose names assure competence. No contribution to Catholic scriptural study we have seen in a long while surpasses the note of the "Brethren of the Lord" contributed by Father Kent. But the book is uniformly excellent.

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